



The Orphan Child's Christmas - Tree.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

(From the German of Friederich Ruckert.)

AN orphan boy, with weary feet,
On Christmas Eve, alone, benighted,
Went through the night, from street to street,
To see the clustering candles lighted
In homes where happy children meet.

Before each house he stood to mark
The pleasant rooms that shone so fairly,
The tapers lighted, spark by spark,
Till all the trees were blazing rarely,
And sad his heart was in the dark.

He wept; he clasped his hands and cried:
"Oh, every child to-night rejoices!
Their Christmas presents all divide
Around their trees, with merry voices.
But Christmas is to me denied.

"Once with my sister, hand in hand,
At home, how did my tree delight me!
No other tapers shone so grand;
But all forget me, none invite me
Here, lonely in the stranger's land.

"Will no one let me in to share
The light, to take some corner nigh it?
In all these houses can't they spare
A spot where I may sit in quiet—
A little seat among them there?

"Will no one let me in to-night?
I will not beg for gift or token;
I only ask to see the sight
And hear the thanks of others spoken,
And that will be my own delight."

He knocked at every door and gate,
He rapped at window-pane and shutter;
But no one heard and bade him wait,
Or came the "Welcome in!" to utter.
Their ears were dull to outer Fate.

Each father looked with eyes that smiled
Upon his happy children only;
Their gifts the mother's heart beguiled
To think of them. None saw the lonely,
Forgotten boy, the orphan child.

"Oh Christ-child, holy, kind, and dear,
I have no father and no mother,
Nor friend save Thee, to give me cheer!
Be Thou my help, there is none other,
Since all forget me wandering here."

The poor boy rubbed his hand so blue,
His little hands the frost made chilly,
His tattered clothes he closer drew,
And crouched within a corner stilly,
And prayed, and knew not what to do.

Then, suddenly, there shone a light;
Along the street approaching nearer,
Another child, in garments white,
Spoke as he came, and clearer, dearer,
His voice made music in the night.

"I am the Christ! have thou no fear!
I was a child in my probation,
And children unto me are near;
I hear and heed thy supplication,
Though all the rest forget thee here.

"My saving Word to all I bear,
And equally to each 'tis given;
I bring the promise of my care
Here in the street beneath the heaven,
As well as in the chambers there.

And here, poor boy, thy Christmas-tree
Will I adorn, and so make glimmer
Through all this open space for thee,
That those within shall twinkle dimmer;
For bright as thine they cannot be."

The Christ-child with his shining hand
Then pointed up, and lo! the lustres
That sparkled there! He saw it stand,
A tree o'erhung with starry clusters
On all its branches wide and grand.

So far and yet so near! the night
Was blazing with the taper's splendor
That was the orphan boy's delight.
How beat his bosom warm and tender,
To see his Christmas-tree so bright!

It seemed to him a happy dream;
Then, from the starry branches bending,
The angels stooped, and through the gleam
They lifted him to peace unending;
They folded him in love supreme.

The orphan child is now at rest;
No father's care he needs, nor mother's;
Upon the Christ-child's holy breast,
All that is here bestowed on others
Here he forgets, where all is best.

For the SILENT WORKER.

TO VAN JENKINS AT FOUR YEARS OF AGE.

BY MARCELLA V. GILLIN.

I will whisper, little trav'ler, the journey is not long;
Toward the goal thy tiny feet,
Watched o'er now with love most sweet,
Hasten on the path pursued by all, or frail or strong.

Near thee now the flowers upspring,
seem thy playmates all;
Seem to catch the merry glance
From eyes in which sunbeams dance,
And linger near thee all the day, not heeding others' call.

Shall I tell thee sorrow waits thee some-
where down the path—
Shadows dark with cruel power,
Spells to chill each slow passed hour,
The only hope that thou wilt have the
thought of rest in death?

An' I should, wouldst thou believe me,
know I spoke the truth?
Nay! the thought is nothing to thee;
Care and joy alike may woo thee,
Bright the one as other to the hopefulness
of youth.

So thy days in careless measure pass thee,
flitting by;
Days of happiness in rhyme
Undreamed of, till a later time
Shall disclose the rougher way thy weary
feet must try.

May thy life at last so true, fulfill the pro-
mise given
By thy sturdy baby heart,
Of earnest wish to do thy part,
And prove that thou hast changed some of
this earth to heaven.

THE END NOT YET.

BY SALLIE M. TRACY.

The end not yet! How much is ex-
pressed by those four words.

Some pupils have left school with-
out a very good education, and upon
retiring they think that is the end
of their learning more. When we
leave school that is not all—the end
is not yet. There is a great deal
more to learn in this strange un-
known and hard world beyond what
we learn at school.

This world is a hard one if we make
it so. Not many escape unharmed
through the battles of life, and if they
allow one wound or disappointment to
prevent them from further efforts,
very little is to be expected from them
in the future.

Let us liken our life to a single
April day. How many changes are
brought about in a single day! How
many changes are brought about in
a single life-time.

Early in the morning rejoicing in
the East, comes the King of day; all
is peace and quietness; the sky is
clear and blue, now and then a fleecy
cloud appearing, making it still more
beautiful; the sea is calm; everything
is peaceful. But this does not last
long. The clouds gather; the winds
moan and mutter overhead; the rain
falls; the lightning flashes and the
sea grows dark and rough. This
continues for a time, then the clouds
pass away; the rain ceases; the sky
once more is clear; the sun again
shines and by this time begins its
descent westward. Again, the clouds
gather and threaten another storm.
This also soon passes away. The
sun sets; the day is done; and

Slowly from the scene,
The stooping sun up gathers his spent
shafts,
And puts them back into his golden
quiver.

The shades of evening settle over
the land. "Night, sable goddess,
now stretches forth her leaden scepter
o'er a slumbering world." Again all
is peace and quietness, but the end is
not yet. Night, too, has her changes.

Sometimes the sky is darkened by
lowering clouds and there is not a
star to be seen; at other times, it may
be clear and cloudless, and one by one
the stars come forth, until the sky be
lit up by a million brilliant worlds.
The moon in her meekness also sheds
her peaceful light over all.

This is only a part—a very small
part of the changes which may take
place in a single day. "The sea
which to-day is so grand and beauti-
ful in its peaceful tranquility, per-
haps, to-morrow will be majestic in
its mighty power."

So it is in a life time. One day
may be calm and peaceful—no
thought of life's troubles. The next
day may be overcast by deep shadows
of adversity. We do not know.
We must take life as it comes.

Youth represents the morning.
Manhood and womanhood, the noon-
day and Old Age, the sunset.

Longfellow has said!

How beautiful is youth; on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed
Like a celestial benison!

This is true for in the morning of
Life, we think not of its trials and
temptations. Youth, in its buoyancy
sees no darkness ahead; its open,
trustful eyes look upon the future
only as a realm of glorious beauty.
Youth is brightened by its hopes,
aspirations and dreams. Everything
is as peaceful as the early morn. But
all this cannot last. Our life will not
always be as smooth as the paved
streets of a city, or as peaceful as the
early morning.

When we reach manhood and
womanhood—that is the beginning
of life—that is the Monday. We
will then be independent and thrown
upon our own resources. The storms
of life will arise, which will make
everything look dark and dismal for
a while, but we should be cheerful
and look upon the bright and not
upon the dark side and the storm will
soon pass away, leaving everything
brighter and happier for its being
dreary—for "as storm following
storm and wave succeeding wave give
additional hardness to the shell that
enclosing the pearl, so do the storms
and waves of Life add force to the
character of man."

In our youth, our parents fight our
battles for us and we depend upon
them to do it for us, but when the
young shoot is broken from the
parent stem and transplanted in this
unknown world, it must either take
root and grow into strength or it
must wither and die.

As the young pass day by day, and
year by year into the world and take
part in its duties, its interests, trials
and its temptations, this question pre-
sents itself, "how many were there
in that throng, whose hopes were
fully realized?"

Let us look forward a few years.
Some have climbed the hills with
difficulty, but success crowned their
efforts and they, at last, gained the
height on which they wished to stand;
others did not succeed so well as these;
still others turned back or perished
by the way.

When we reach manhood and wo-
manhood, we must go out and fight
the battles of Life, although they
may be very irksome.

We cannot always tell when the
most vivid lightning and startling
thunder are to come. Some of the
saddest experiences of life come with-
out warning. So it is. We go on
through life 'mid its storms, trials
and adversities, but if we spend our
life in the right manner, we will be
victorious at the end and besides ob-
taining riches and honor in this
world, we will win the "crown of
Life" in the world to come.

The sunset of life is now reached.

"Until evening we must weep and toil—
Plow life's stern furrows, dig the weedy
soil—
Tread with sad feet, our rough and thorny
way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day."

We now lay aside all work and wait
calmly and patiently for the summons
to come which will end our earthly
existence.

When the sunset of life is reached,
our past life rises before us with the
scars and wounds, just where we have
made them. The sorrow of the past
comes upon us, but the past can never
be recalled, therefore we should
live every day as we would wish to
have done when we come to die.

Although Death may cover our
misdeeds from the sight of men, they
will not be hidden in the great un-
known, by the "eye that seeth all
things," for they will emerge in the
order as they were here. We should
make our life, therefore, a prepara-
tion for death and the life to come.

Remember, the end does not come
with death. No. The end is not
yet.

In the last words of James Drum-
mond Burns we have this proof: "I
have been dying for years, now I shall
begin to live."

This is a proof that death ends only
our bodily existence but that the soul
lives on forever.

There is a glorious Eternity await-
ing those who have faithfully per-
formed their work on earth.

Then, in the beginning of life, we
should remember the end of it, for
the future and the Eternal will take
their character from present and the
manner in which we have lived.—
Deaf-Mute Pelican.

The Candor of Friendship.

It is still the fashion for people to
fling forth their hands and exclam
with dramatic petulance "Deliver
me from my friends."

It is a libel on the word friendship
and a slur upon the petitioner. It
is quite fair to suppose that he has
encountered the candor of friendship
and that it has ruffled the feathers of
his pride.

The truth, the whole truth, the
thoughtful earnest truth of a real
friend is without malice, and should
be taken into the hearts as medicine
is taken into the stomach, with a
clear faith as to the good to come.

Clear eyes are the eyes of friend-
ship. One can see down deep into
the heart that pulsates beneath them,
and the earnest thoughts should not
wound. They may puncture the
bubble of self-esteem, but the hand
that holds the instrument is a friend-

ly hand—one should not doubt its
competence nor its motive.

Men from habits of reserve, inde-
pendence and self-assertion, because
their business acquaintance are too
often men with whom it is necessary
to talk in full armor, because the
heart receives so little and the head
is compelled to work so hard.

The slightest insinuation of a pos-
sible flaw in any action is regarded
as an insult—treated at least as an
impertinence. It is, then, difficult
to peel off this outer covering of
hardening, miserable, worldly dis-
trust of all men because of a few. It
becomes well nigh impossible for a
man to meet other men as less than
foes or cheats or men playing in the
game of life with false smiles on false
faces. It is because of the unworthi-
ness of the few, because the many
are carrying the crushing burden of
worldly wisdom that candor in friend-
ship is at a discount, and a word of
criticism or advice will flush men's
faces and loosen men's tongue till
their vocabularies are fat with inter-
dicted words and the atmosphere is
hot with the matter that the prover-
bial little fire kindleth. But when
one has broken bread with another,
when hand has grasped hand, when
the newness of a fresh friendship has
been worn off and hearts are sure of
one another, surely the candor counts
for something. It is the one great
blessing of friendship. They bind
hearts together—those glimpses into
each other lives—those physiological
studies, where truth and right are
uppermost.

And when some one cries out
against the uncomfortably truthful
friend, do not condemn all friendship.
Criticism, if you will, the exact degree
of real friendliness in that particular
case. Question the faith of the
accused in the candid one, but of all
mistakes to be made avoid that one
which would bridle the tongue of
friendship till it lisps only vapid
nothings and repeats, parrot-like, the
compliments of the day and hour.

It would be well could we bless
the friend who dared, in the face of
possible displeasure, to voice his real
belief. He should receive our
thanks, not our reproaches; our
humble attention in place of our
disdain. And when friends shall
have ceased to expect perfection in
others and weary in seeking it in
themselves, they will be ready to bear
without flinching that scalpel which
is in skilful hands so helpful an in-
strument—the candor of friendship.

There is not one dog in a thou-
sand that will wag his tail and not
mean it.

Who would care to know a boy or a
girl who grumbles at everything, finds
fault with all things, and carries but
little sunshine and comfort with him
or her.

One cheerful face in a household
will keep everything warm and light
within. It may be a very plain face,
but there is something in it we feel,
yet cannot express. Ah, there is a
world of magic in the plain, cheer-
ful face, and we would not exchange
it for the sonless beauty of the fair-
est from on earth.

INDUSTRIAL.

In future we will print under this heading communications from individuals, comments or newspaper extracts relative to the Technical or Industrial progress of the deaf.

At the St. Louis Exposition last Fall some of the best works of art in crayon and pastel portraiture, were executed by two deaf persons, namely—Marcus Kerr, and Mr. A. Blanchard. It is thought by some that Mr. Kerr is the only artist in St. Louis who is allowed to sign his name at the bottom of the picture besides that of his employer. Mr. Blanchard has a studio in Olive St., and shows exceptionally fine work. Besides being a skillful portrait artist, he is an expert wood engraver and does beautiful work with the engraver's tools. His study of a child's head, which was printed on the backs of neat cards and distributed at the exposition, demonstrated his ability in his direction. Mr. Blanchard married Miss Emily Wells last June, who was a pupil of Prof. Jenkins while attending school in New York, and who since graduation has taught a class at the Arkansas Institution in Little Rock. She is herself quite an artist, but unlike her husband, her specialty is in flowers.

It is a noticeable fact that deaf-mutes succeed in obtaining employment more readily at printing and shoemaking, than at any other trade. Is it because those trades are more successfully taught at the schools for the deaf, or is it because in pursuing them, hearing is the least necessary? We would like to know.

The Rome Register, of a recent date, has an interesting article from the Globe Democrat, about manual training. It represents the public school system of education as being defective, unless manual training forms a part of the curriculum. We think the following extract hits the nail exactly on the head:

Common education is not education at all, when it has taught reading, writing and the usual school curriculum. The poor boy goes out of the schoolhouse, and he must live thereafter by means of that part that is not educated—his hands. He cannot use the education or what you have given him for education at all; or if at all, so little that it chafes him at his daily toil. His educated brain is angry. He is obliged to come down to an uneducated part of his body for life's living. Is the rich boy any better off? He goes out not compelled to toil with his hands; but what can his brain do alone? The poor skull full of protoplasm is driven to take up with a profession, or to dabble in some sort of speculation.

We think that the present system of education carried on in most of our schools for the deaf conform with the ideas set forth in that article, and it so follows that when a pupil has had careful training in the class-room and in the shop, he is well prepared to make a comfortable living when he leaves school. If it were not for the hand training given at the various schools for the deaf, we hardly see how the educated deaf could get along in life.

It is refreshing to think of Tilden, the sculptor; Pach and Douglas, the

photographers; Moore and Ballin, the artists; Moore and Dougherty, the chemists; Cullingworth, Greis and Souweine, the engravers; Loew, the inventor and manufacturer; Parkinson, the lawyer, &c., all of whom have excelled in their line in competition with hearing people. Is deafness, then, a barrier to success?

It is said that Mr. August J. Borden, of Chicago, Ill., has invented a novel fire escape on wheels, for which he was offered \$30,000, and refused. It is described as having ladders which run within grooves of one another, and by the movement of a crane raises each ladder simultaneously above the other, and the whole can be rotated in any direction. This recalls to mind the fire-escape which was invented by Mr. Zimmerman, and which received merited praise and endorsement from municipalities, some years ago.

The Silent Echo says, in one of its first numbers:—"Of the many positions of usefulness filled by the deaf there is probably no other in which they, as a class, so successfully compete with their more fortunate hearing and speaking friends as in the trade of printing. The graduate of the printing office, possessing a good command of English, combined with a willingness to work, is almost certain to secure permanent and remunerative employment."

Technical Schools.

It seems to us that the most enthusiastic advocates of technical schools should be the journeymen printers; and the better the workman the more should he prize them. There is not, we are sure, a printer in Chicago who can justly claim to have mastered the whole of the art; and in the very branches in which one is most deficient he may find in some fellow-workman one who would be a willing and capable teacher, while he might, in turn, impart instruction in some other branch. How many book printers, for instance, can, without instructions, properly set up a work on chemistry, botany or geometry? Or, simpler still, how many of the ordinary compositors can set up properly and without loss of time a piece of rule-and-figure work? These are only sample instances of what even good printers might learn.

In many city offices men are found who excel at particular kinds of work, and in this age are kept continuously employed upon it, so that they have no opportunity to learn anything of what their fellow-workmen are doing. To these men technical schools would be of great value, and the sooner we get them started the better.—Sel.

I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Nothing procureth love like humility; nothing bate like pride.—Owen Feltham.

The love of study, a passion which derives great vigor from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual round of independent and rational pleasure.—Edward Gibbon.

Industrial Notes.

John H. Scott, of Cincinnati, is a rolling-mill hand and makes \$4.50 per day.

Wheeling, W. Va., has nearly twenty deaf-mutes. Most of these are printers.

Carler B. Merrick, the wonderful card writer, is doing a good business in Bellaire, Ohio.

A large model of Columbus' ship, Santa Maria, made by a deaf-mute in Madrid, is to be sent to the World's Fair, Chicago.

Mr. Chap. Watson, who often went to the Ohio State Fair, is a skilful and experienced brick-layer. He is the only one in the occupation in Columbus, and makes lots of money.

Ranald Douglas, the photographer of Livingston, N. J., has broken ground for a studio. He expects it ready for occupancy during the coming winter.

John E. Dwyer is a compositor at the Cleveland Printing Co.'s office on Vincent Street. The mutes call him a "Lightning printer." He is always handsomely dressed, which indicates he is earning no small wages.

David Newhouse of Cleveland, O., is still making "Havana" and "Key West" cigars at Signer's cigar-store on St. Clair Street. He can be seen daily at work and is supporting his his aged mother. His work is wonderful to the people of that city.

It is said that the largest harness shop in the city of Galesburg, Ill., is owned by a deaf-mute named Gust Geyer, a graduate of the Ohio Institution. About twenty years ago, he was a poor hired man, but resolved to start a small shop which he rented on a corner. His business grew so rapidly that he was, in a short time, obliged to move into larger and more commodious quarters. Now he is living in comfortable circumstances.

Mr. Frank Shanahan, late of Fremont, Ohio, is a carbon-molder for The Brush Carbon Works, in East Side. He told the mutes that he got a flattering offer from the Carbon Company, of Noblesville, Indiana, and they said they would give him a good steady job and ample wages, but he has not accepted it yet. He has had about ten years experience at the work and it is said that he is one of the best molders in the shop.—Mutes' Chronicle.

At the Utah School for the Deaf, Mr. F. W. Metcalf, principal, had a very attractive display of products of manual training and handicraft, consisting of wood work, plain and fancy sewing, mechanical and free-hand drawings, etc. An engine and tender, all of wood, complete, made by a boy attracted much notice, as did also a clock, the wood work of which was fashioned with a scroll-saw. Some excellent turning was also exhibited there.—Inter-Mountain Educator.

Mr. d'Estrella is getting quite a reputation as a photographer. He has passed beyond the stage of an

amateur, and is now recognized as an expert. In the last Overland Monthly there is an illustrated article entitled "Over the Santa Lucia," and the prettiest picture of the whole series is a photograph of Mr. d'Estrella's, called "a Redwood Canyon." Mr. d'Estrella has the happy faculty of choosing artistic points of view.—Berkeley Weekly News.

A visit to the little "Laboratory" of Mr. Shanisey revealed the fact of his striking genius as a mechanic. Just now he has put his whole heart and soul in the direction of inventing an improvement by electricity on the cash register, which if successful, will bring him a handsome compensation. Having from early boyhood days had a fancy for mechanism and the abundant opportunities opened to him to study and plan over the machine that he works at, together with the inexhaustible information on machinery, etc., in print, who knows but that some day he may be another Edison.—Mutes' Chronicle.

BOYS AND TRADES.

The proportion of American-born found in the trades is small, when compared with the number of men engaged. This is owing to the arbitrary rules of the trade-unions, who will not permit many boys to be employed in the shops with them. Boys, therefore, who have an opportunity to learn trades should make the best use of their time, and be fully prepared when they become of age to take places alongside of the older men who learn their trades under more favorable circumstances. A boy who masters a good trade has his life support assured. If he thoroughly understands his business he need never lack for employment. But he needs to be assured of one thing before he starts that there is no "royal road" to the secrets of the craft. He has got to work for his honors, and FORM HABITS that will carry him over the difficulties that he will encounter. He will never become a good workman unless he is patient and obedient. He will have to do some simple things over and over so many times that life will grow weary in the shop before he is set to work on something that appears to be important to him. This will be done to make him skillful and handy in the execution of one class of work before he undertakes another kind. If the boy's habits are correct and he has any genius for the trade, he will turn out all right in time. But boys who have idle and vicious habits have no place in a mechanic's shop. Boys who are industrious, who early learn to MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS, and of temperate and moral habits, are always in demand. They need never be idle who have made good use of the time and opportunities given them when learning a fair trade, or in fact any other respectable occupation. The important fact, however, is that boys must learn the business, and not go out into the world as "botches and jacks."—Jamesburg Advance.

Those who are honest and earnest in their honesty have no need to proclaim the fact.

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THE *Deaf Chronicle*, of Leeds, England, is a twelve-page magazine, 11 x 8½ inches in size, well gotten up, with a choice variety of contents. It seems to be quite free from the silly gossip which many of our papers for the deaf admit to their columns, but it has a great deal of really interesting news about the deaf, and many useful suggestions for their benefit.

OUR readers will see for themselves that the SILENT WORKER is broadening its field, and is enlarging its space. We should be glad to give more news in regard to the deaf in this State and especially to the graduates of this school. Will not our deaf friends in different parts of the State write us from time to time and give us news of themselves and of other deaf persons of whom they may know?

THE report of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, including that of the National Deaf-Mute College, although brief, is of special interest this year, as it gives the results of the first year's trial of the Normal Class and of the instruction in speech and speech-reading of every student and pupil.

Both experiments seem to have been highly successful. The Normal students were instructed in both the Bell system of Visible Speech and the German system as well as in the sign-language; they had a course in the anatomy and physiology of the vocal organs and in laryngoscopy by eminent specialists, and their opportunities for studying pedagogy as applied to the deaf were, of course, the very best. Every member of this normal class has secured a position in some school of recognized standing—one of them in the college itself. The success attending the efforts

that have been made to teach adult deaf-mutes to talk, has been above what could have been expected. In fact, our American teachers seem to succeed in this line where the best European authorities on the subject have thought success impossible. The college, including the preparatory class, numbers 86—a very good showing.

THE World's Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian Exposition are taking measures to secure the holding of very interesting and important meetings at Chicago next summer. The Department of Education is not behind the other departments, and among other branches of instruction the teaching of the deaf will be fully represented. An executive committee of which Dr. Gillet, the veteran Principal of the Illinois Institution, is very appropriately the chairman, is working on the programme, and an Advisory Council has been named, of which Mr. Jenkins, the Principal of this school, is one, to assist by suggestions or in other ways, in making this congress of instructors of the deaf, useful and agreeable.

ABOUT a year ago a good deal of talk was caused by an article written by Dr. Hiedsieck, a teacher in a German School for the deaf, protesting against the exclusive use of articulation in the German schools and charging the teachers with cruelty to their unfortunate pupils. It will be seen by an item in another column, which we clip from the New York *Evening Post*, that Mr. Hiedsieck has proved his charges against the teachers in at least one school, although, curiously enough, he was obliged to pay a small fine. We suppose the maxim holds in German law, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel" and the verdict certainly justifies the old Latin proverb, "The more law, the less justice." In our American oral schools the children are treated kindly and, in general, are made to like school and the use of speech. Moreover, in the judgment of disinterested experts, the pupils in our oral schools, on the whole, have better speech than those in German schools. We hear a good deal about "German thoroughness" and "German pedagogic ideas," but we think that we can get along without such ideas or such practices as those which Mr. Hiedsieck has exposed.

THE VOLTA BUREAU has just issued a volume of much interest and importance to those concerned in the welfare of the deaf. It contains the evidence given by Dr. A. Graham

Bell and Dr. E. M. Gallaudet before the Royal Commission of the United Kingdom on the Condition of the Deaf and Dumb, with accompanying papers, postscripts and an index. With Mr. Bell's evidence are given genealogical tables of many families in which deafness has been prevalent, illustrating his theory as to the hereditary nature of deafness, also a full set of charts of Bell's Visible Speech. A fine photograph shows Prof. Currier of the New York Institution teaching a class orally and through the ear by the aid of the compound conversation tube of his invention. The volume is edited by Prof. J. C. Gordon, of Washington, whose name is a guaranty of accuracy. The paper and binding are very good and the press-work all that could be wished. The book is a mine of information on the subjects treated, as may be supposed when two such men as Dr. Gallaudet and Dr. Bell are pumped by so exhaustive a set of questioners as a British Royal Commission. We expect to work this mine from month to month and to bring out a nugget or two every time we go down the shaft. It is fair to mention in apportioning the credit for this work, that the Editor acknowledges valued assistance from Hon. John Hitz, A. W. McCurdy, Esq., and others.

THE appointment of Mr. F. D. Clarke, Principal of the Arkansas School, to the Principalship of the Michigan Institution, to fill the place of the late lamented Monroe, was briefly noticed in our last number. Mr. Clarke has been engaged in the instruction of the Deaf for more than twenty years, first as teacher in the New York School, and for the last six or seven years, in the position which he is now to leave. Although the school of which he has been at the head is one of the smallest ones in the country, and although he has been hampered by want of money and by ignorant opposition, Mr. Clarke has raised his standard of work, has increased the attendance and has enlarged the buildings, so that Arkansas has to-day, — thanks to him, a Deaf-Mute School of which she may be proud. In doing this work Mr. Clarke has, incidentally, made himself one of the best known Principals in the country. He is not only an able executive officer, as the above record shows, but one of the most active workers and most original thinkers on the education of the deaf. His especial forte is on the side of manual and industrial education, on which subject he has contributed many valuable suggestions to the profession, besides practically show-

ing the way by successful work in his own school. He is the foremost advocate of the project to found a technical school for the deaf. In his new post he will have an admirable opportunity to put his views into practice. Mr. Frank B. Yates, who succeeds Mr. Clarke, has had twelve years of experience in the Virginia Institution, and is very well spoken of by those who know him.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS of this school has been invited to contribute a paper for the World's Congress of Instructors of the Deaf, on the following subject, viz:

"How to cultivate the Imagination of Deaf-Mutes."

The Committee on Programme, very wisely, as we think, decided to allow no papers to be read except such as bear on subjects to be named in advance by them, and as have been accepted by them after examination. A great drawback to the success of former conventions, has been the great number of papers on all sorts of subjects, many of which interested nobody except the author. Often it happened that the very papers, which the audience most wished to hear, were crowded out by others of comparatively little value. The Committee in charge of the program for next year's congress have mapped out the whole field of deaf-mute instruction, and will have the time divided among the different subjects in proportion to their respective importance.

WE are very glad to hear that, in all probability, the reports of Helen Keller's recent break down in health were very much exaggerated if not entirely mistaken. Miss Emilie A. Poulsson, who is widely known as a fascinating writer for children and also as the head of the kindergarten schools in Boston, recently spent a few days with Miss Gillin and paid a visit to the school. Miss Poulsson is an intimate friend of Helen Keller and could hardly fail to know if she were in such a condition as described. Miss Poulsson said that she had heard from Helen Keller quite lately and that she was much interested in a plan of her own to write stories to be printed and sold for the benefit of the Home for Deaf Children near Boston. We sincerely trust that the report of her illness may prove to be entirely unfounded.

A man who cannot command his temper should not think of being a man of business.—*Philip D. Stanhope.*

A PERSON who tells you the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults. Have a care how you listen.

CHRISTMAS.

There is one thing about the December number—it is easy to say what to write about. Of course we must have an article about Christmas. Unfortunately it is not easy to find anything worth saying about it. From the old Roman Saturnalia down to the latest walking doll with Edison's talking attachment, everything that can be said has been said over and over again. All the same, we can not let Christmas go by without a word of recognition. We are not to be put down with the derisive call of "Chestnut!" Can't we admire a beautiful woman because she is only a repetition of fair Helen of Troy, who herself was only a chestnut compared with Mother Eve? Do good wishes and merry greetings become stale with repetition, or do they not improve with age, like good wine?

We wish, with all our hearts, a Merry Christmas to our pupils, teachers and officers; to our subscribers; to our exchanges; to all the deaf and their friends; in short, to every body, everywhere.

We rather think that everybody ought to have a Merry Christmas, too, for the following reasons in each case. All the people in the institution deserve a Merry Christmas, for the good work that they are doing in so many different ways.

Our subscribers, for the enlargement and improvements which they see in the SILENT WORKER, and for still further improvements which are still to be made.

Our exchanges, for their success in presenting their readers with such excellent papers.

The Democrats, because they will get all the offices.

The Republicans, because they won't have the bother of running the government.

The owners of the coal mines, because they get six dollars a ton for their coal.

The people who buy coal, because they don't have to pay a tax on the language they use about the coal miners.

The children, because Christmas comes every year.

The old folks, because it comes only once in a year. And all of us, because it is good once a year to feel kindly to every body, to show our kind feelings by pleasant words and charitable deeds, and to spend a day in trying to make other people happy. It is with a sincere wish for the happiness and prosperity of every body whose eyes rest on this sheet that we wish one and all a

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

We call attention to the letter from Miss Helen Keller which will be found in another column. Every one will be glad to have the distressing reports in regard to her health finally set at rest. The *fac-simile* reproduction of her signature was made in our office and will be of interest to our readers.

It is reported that a bill will be introduced into the New York Legislature this winter to forbid the marriage of deaf-mutes on the ground that such marriages are likely to produce a large proportion of deaf-mute children.

We do not think that any such bill will pass, (although it sometimes seems that no law is too foolish to get enacted), yet every now and then such a law is seriously proposed. The reasons against such a law are strong and easy to be seen. The law would not prevent any deaf persons in New York from getting married although it would prevent them from getting married in New York. They would only have to go across the line into another State. It would be a great injustice to the deaf, because many of other classes of people would be still allowed to marry who are much more likely to be the parents of undesirable children than the deaf people are. Such classes are criminals, paupers, consumptives, those who inherit a tendency to insanity and those who are affected with any constitutional disease.

The effect of such a law on the morals of the deaf need not be fully described, but any one can see that it would be most injurious.

Moreover, it is very doubtful whether deafness would be very much diminished, even if no deaf persons ever became parents. Not only are the great majority of deaf children in our schools the offspring of hearing parents, but every one who has a wide acquaintance among the deaf will be able to recall to mind families in which three, four or five of the children were born deaf while both parents were hearing persons.

The causes, whatever they are, which produce deafness from birth evidently are at work as much in hearing as in deaf parents.

This proposal to forbid marriage to the deaf is all folly, but we may as well hit it hard every time it shows its head.

His Interpretation.

Johnny—Mamma thinks I should live among deaf-mutes.

Papa—Is that so?

Johnny—Yes. She thinks I should be seen, not heard.

LOCAL NEWS.

The sick list has been unusually large the present month.

We had a sharp thunder storm on the 8th inst. This is unusual in winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Salter teach a Sunday School class at the M. E. Church, every Sunday.

The school had a call from Miss Van Valkenburg, a niece of Mrs. Jenkins, recently.

The boy's sitting room has been furnished with new rocking chairs. The room looks very cosy now.

All at the school are sorry for Josie Hattersley, because she lost her grandfather by death this month.

Miss Sarah J. Noe, of Rahway, N. J., was at the school on Thanksgiving day. She graduated from the New York Institution.

Rev. Father Bernardine has taken the place of Father Fidelis, and will minister to the spiritual wants of Catholic pupils hereafter.

Mrs. Nellie Jones, the girls' supervisor, lost her sister by death in Chicago last month. She has the sympathy of the whole school.

Some time ago, a drunken man came to the east door of the building and tried to get in, by kicking the door. It is too bad he was not arrested.

We are glad to learn that Paul Kees, a former pupil here, is doing well in the printing business. He has a good place on one of the daily papers in Newark.

Among the latest periodicals received gratis every week now, is a magazine called the *Public Opinion*. Mr. Barricklo, a member of our Board, sends it to us.

Miss Essie Spanton was in Trenton during Thanksgiving, and made a brief call at the school. She was looking well, which speaks well for New York, where she is preparing for college.

Charles Kroekel, the notorious young thief who was sentenced to the State Prison last summer, was seen by a SILENT WORKER reporter this month. He is employed in the hair brush department.

Prof. and Mrs. Jenkins and their daughter attended the Fair at the Y. M. C. A. building on the second of this month. They saw the \$85,000 painting which belongs to Mr. John Wanamaker.

Mr. Francis Purcell, who left us last July, is working for the Trenton Iron Co., and had an increase of wages from the 5th of this month. He will, in time, probably become a skilful and well-paid workman.

Prof. Jenkins brought a *fac simile* of Magna Charta to the school recently and showed it to the class in English History. Prof. Jenkins' brother, Dr. E. H. Jenkins, bought it at the English Museum while in London last summer.

Miss Josephine Hattersley is showing creditable proficiency in china

painting. Together with Ray Burdall, the art department has two pupils to be well proud of. Miss Hattersley is the daughter of the well known piano manufacturer of Trenton.

Mr. Porter has received a very pleasant and complimentary letter from Mr. Hitz, the secretary of the Volta Bureau in regard to the SILENT WORKER. Mr. Hitz requested several copies of a recent issue to be sent to Europe as a specimen of the work which is done in American schools for the deaf.

In one of our papers lately, there appeared a notice of the two deaf-photographers who excel in their art—Alex. Pach and Randal Douglas. Both owe a great deal to our Principal, Mr. Jenkins. He advised Pach by all means to stick to the business and make it his life work, when the latter was casting around for a clerkship. Douglas, too, had his start and first outfit given him by Messrs. Clarke and Jenkins when they were all in New York.

To Parents.

In sending clothes to pupils at this school it is very important that every article be marked with the full name of the owner. If this is not done it often happens that the garment is lost. Where there are so many children as there are here it is impossible to avoid mistakes unless every thing belonging to each pupil is clearly marked with his or her name.

WEDDING BELLS.

GASKILL—CORRIELL

Miss Clara L. Corriell, of Dunellen, and Mr. Wesley G. Gaskill, of Rahway, were joined in marriage on Thanksgiving Day, at the home of the bride's mother. The wedding was a quiet one, only the very near relatives of the bride and of the groom being present. The bride is the daughter of the late Dr. Wallace Corriell, and is a graduate of the State Model School. She has also studied at the Cooper Union Art School. Although not at all deaf, she is proficient in the use of the finger alphabet, which she learned from some deaf-mute friends of hers. Since completing her education, she has been engaged in making crayon portraits from photographs, in which she has been very successful. Mr. Gaskill is a semi-mute and an old pupil of this school. He is a carpenter and is very expert at his trade, and has no difficulty in finding plenty of work at good wages. The happy pair went at once to their new home at No. 78 Cherry St., Rahway, where they keep house. We wish them long life and happiness, and we are glad to learn of their start in life.

For the SILENT WORKER.

Little Tommy had a mirror,
And he licked the back all off,
Laboring under the impression
That 'twas good for whooping-cough.

On the morning of the funeral
I remarked to Mrs. Brown,
'Twas a chilly day for Tommy
When the mercury went down.

THE SCHOOL ROOM.

All articles relating to school-room work will come under this head. This department will be conducted by ROWLAND B. LLOYD, A.B., to whom all articles on kindred subjects should be addressed.

The best way to learn a language is to use it. Deaf-mutes will not use language as it is spoken or written, until they can use it as easily as they can use signs. The first five or six years of the pupils time at school cannot be better employed than in giving him as much practice as possible in colloquial English; not the English of books with its carefully constructed sentences, but the language of conversation, i.e., the language people are using all the time at home, in the stores, in the street, in the ticket offices and on the cars; a language that is so familiar to us all that we do not think of teaching it, which is, nevertheless, the most important language of all and can be acquired only by constant practice.

The following are specimens of question papers used in my class room with deaf-mutes of from four to six years standing. They are given with the hope that they may suggest something better. Some of the questions are purposely put in language unfamiliar to most deaf-mutes and will require explanation. The arithmetic is the *bona fide* work of the advanced class, and is the result of careful training.

R. B. L.

I.

1. What is a horse covered with?
2. What kind of tail has he?
3. Are his hoofs cloven or solid?
4. What kind of iron are his shoes made of?
5. Why does he wear them?
6. How are they fastened to his feet.
7. Where can you get a horse shod?
8. What does the smith charge for shoeing a horse?
9. Where is the nearest blacksmith's shop.
10. What is a horse good for?
11. What is a female horse called?
12. What is a team of horses?
13. Name as many parts of the harness as you can.

II.

1. What book is this?
2. Who are the publishers?
3. Where is it published?
4. Who is the author.
5. How many pages has it?
6. Is it bound in paper or cloth.
7. How large is it?
8. How much do you think it weighs?
9. Are any of the leaves dog-eared?
10. What is its condition,—is it very good, poor, ragged, torn or new?
11. What was it worth when new?
12. What is it worth now?
13. How did you come by it?
14. To whom does it belong?

III.

1. What trade are you learning?
2. How do you like it?
3. Would you prefer some other trade?
4. Name ten tools you use and what you use each for.
5. What wages do you expect to get per day or per week?
6. What do you expect to have to pay for board?
7. What do you think you can save in a month?

IV.

1. What size of shoe do you wear?
2. What is a good pair of shoes worth?
3. What are the uppers of men's shoes made of?
4. What are the soles made of?
5. What does it cost to half sole and heel?
6. What is a pair of shoe-strings worth?
7. How long does a pair of shoes last?
8. What is the best leather for uppers?
9. What is the best leather for soles?
10. How is leather sold?

V.

1. What is the name of this school?
2. Where is it?
3. How far is it from the Clinton Street station?
4. How can it be reached?
5. How are the pupils supported?
6. Is it an asylum?
7. How many teachers are there?
8. How many pupils are there?
9. What are the school hours?
10. What trades are taught?
11. Have they a gymnasium?
12. What books are you studying?

How We Use Advertisements in the School-Room.

INMAN LINE.

U. S. AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.

FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.
CITY OF NEW YORK.....Wed., May 13, 9:30 A.M.
CITY OF B. RLIN.....Wed., May 20, 3 P.M.
CITY OF PARIS.....Wed., May 27, 8 A.M.
CITY OF RICHMOND.....Wed., June 3, 3 P.M.

From Pier 43, N. R. adjoining Christopher St. Ferry. First cabin, \$60 and upwards, according to steamer and location of room. Second cabin, \$35 and \$40. Steerage, \$20.

PETER WRIGHT & SONS.
General Agents, No 6 Bowling Green.

1. To what line do these steamers belong?
2. What are their names?
3. Where do they go?
4. When do they sail?
5. Where do they take on passengers?
6. What is the price of a ticket for the first cabin?
7. What is the second cabin rate?
8. What is the steerage rate?
9. Which is the most expensive, the first cabin, second cabin or steerage? Why?
10. Who are the general agents?

11. If I wish to go by this line where can I get a ticket?
12. Do you have to pay extra for meals?
13. How long does it take to go to Queenstown?
14. Where is Queenstown?
15. How far is it to Queenstown?

DO YOU KNOW

HOTTEL

Sells the best \$1.50 and \$2.00 Derby in the city, also a full line of fine Hats, College Caps, &c.
33 East State St.

1. What does Mr. Hottel sell?
2. What is his business?
3. Where is his store?
4. Have you ever bought a hat of him?
5. What is his price for a good Derby?
6. Do you wear a derby?
7. What did it cost?
8. What is a Derby made of?
9. Does he sell any other style of hat?
10. How do you know?
11. Where did you get your hat?
12. Are there many hat stores in Trenton?

TRENTON

HARDWARE & CO.

(Successors to Dunn Hardware and Paint Co.)

Hardware, House-Furnishing Goods, Cutlery.
Heaters, Ranges, Stoves, Grates,
Tiles, Wood and Slate Mantels,
Tin Roofing, Gas Fixtures,
Oil Cloth, &c., &c.

13 E. State St. TRENTON, N. J.

1. What is the notice called?
2. What does the company advertise?
3. Where is the store?
4. What do they sell?
5. How far from the school is the store?
6. Have you ever been in it?
7. What is meant by cutlery?
8. What kind of mantels do they keep?
9. Do they do tin roofing?
10. Do you know any one in this store?
11. Has this school an account with them?



BICYCLES!

ALL MAKES

Sent for catalogue of new & second hand wheels
BICYCLES REPAIRED.
WHITE CYCLE CO.,
29 South Warren St., TRENTON, N. J.

1. Whose advertisement is this?
2. Where is the store?
3. What makes do they sell?
4. Do they do repairing?

5. What are bicycles made of?
6. Which do you think are the better, pneumatic tires or cushion tires, and which cost the most?
7. What is the price of a good bicycle?
8. Name some makes of bicycles.
9. Write for a catalogue.

FOR RENT.

A SEVEN - ROOM THREE - STORY brick dwelling, within five minutes walk of City Hall. Inquire of GUSTAV WINKLER, 21 South Warren street.

1. How many rooms has this house?
2. Where is it?
3. How far is it from the City Hall?
4. Where is the City Hall?
5. How far is it from here?
6. In what direction?
7. Why does Mr. Winkler insert this notice in the paper?
8. Write to him about the house?

Exercise Papers in Geography.

I.

1. Draw a picture of an island.
2. What is an island surrounded by?
3. Are all islands surrounded by water?
4. Have you ever seen an island?
5. What island is it?
6. Where is it?
7. Do people live on islands?
8. Can you tell me the name of an island on which people live?
9. Is Newfoundland an island? How do you know?
10. Is New Jersey an island? How do you know?
11. Are there any islands in the Delaware River near Trenton?
12. Name an island in the Pacific Ocean. In the Atlantic Ocean. In the Gulf of Mexico. In the Indian Ocean.
13. Are islands all alike?
14. What do we get from the island of Java?
15. See if there are any islands in Lake Michigan.

II.

1. What does Geography tell us about?
2. Have you seen the earth or any part of it?
3. What part have you seen?
4. Are you on the surface of the earth, under the surface or over it?
5. What things have you seen on the surface of the earth?
6. What things have you seen on the surface?
7. Is the surface of the earth even or uneven?
8. What makes it uneven?
9. Is there any water on the earth's surface?

III.

1. Is the United States a city or a country?
2. How many people has it?
3. Who is the President?
4. What is the largest city?
5. Where is it?
6. In what part of the country do you live?
7. Which is the nearest ocean?
8. How far is it from Trenton and in what direction?
9. What railroads connect Trenton with the other cities?
10. What canal passes through Trenton?
11. What are the termini of this canal?
12. What is Trenton famous for?

IV.

1. What is the ocean often called?
2. Is its water salt or fresh?
3. What live in it?
4. Of what use is it?
5. Is it deep?
6. Can you dive to the bottom?
7. Why not?
8. Why can you not swim across it?
9. What is on the other side of the Atlantic?
10. How can we cross the Atlantic?
11. How long does it take to cross it?
12. Where is Queenstown?
12. How far is it from New York?
14. Why do vessels cross the ocean?
15. What things are sent from America to Europe?
16. In what direction from us is the Atlantic Ocean?

About Columbus.

1. Did you ever see Christopher Columbus?
2. Did you ever hear of him?
3. Is he now living?
4. How long is it since he died?
5. Where was he born?
6. Why was he so anxious to cross the Atlantic?
7. Why were rich men unwilling to assist him?
8. Who finally gave him his vessels?
9. How many did he get?
10. What country did he sail from?
11. What success had he on his first voyage?
12. What country did he think he had reached?
13. How long did it take him to cross the ocean?
14. How long does it take now-a-days?

Arithmetic by Advanced Class.

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 2, 1892.
Sixty days after date, I promise to pay James Baker, or order, seventy-five dollars, with interest, value received.

\$75.00 ROBERT JONES.

1. What kind of note is this?
2. When does it become due?
3. How long has it to run?
4. What is the rate of interest?
5. How do you know?

6. What is the interest?
7. How much ought Jones to pay in all?
8. Who made this note?
9. Who is the payee?

I.

On a note for \$400, at 7%, there was paid \$100 annually for 3 years. How much remained due 3 years 4 months from the date of the note?

SOLUTION.

$\$400 \times .07 = \28.00 ; interest for one year.
 $\$400 + \$28.00 = \$428.00$; amount for one year.
 $\$428.00 - \$100 = \$328$; balance due.
 $\$328 \times .07 = \22.96 ; interest for second year.
 $\$328 + \$22.96 = \$350.96$; amount for second year.
 $\$350.96 - \$100 = \$250.96$; balance due.
 $\$250.96 \times .07 = \17.5672 ; interest for third year.
 $\$17.5672 + \$250.96 = \$268.5272$; amount for third year.
 $\$268.5272 - \$100 = \$168.53$; balance due.
 $\$168.53 \times .07 = \11.797 ; interest for one year.
 $\$11.797 \div 3 = \3.932 ; interest for 4 months or $\frac{1}{3}$ of a year.
 $\$168.527 + \$3.932 = \$172.46$; due 3 years 4 months after date.

II.

What will it cost to raise the surface of $\frac{1}{4}$ of an acre, 9 inches at 50 cents per cubic yard of earth?

SOLUTION.

$160 \text{ sq. rds.} = 1 \text{ acre.}$
 $\frac{1}{4} \text{ of } 160 = 40 \text{ sq. rds.}$
 $40 \times 30\frac{1}{2} = 1210 \text{ sq. yds.}$
 $9 \text{ in.} = \frac{3}{4} \text{ or } \frac{1}{4} \text{ of a yd.}$
 $1210 \times \frac{1}{4} = 302\frac{1}{2} = 302\frac{1}{2} \text{ cubic yds.;}$
 quantity of earth required.
 $302\frac{1}{2} \times .50 = \151.25 cost.

III.

It costs \$202.80 to enclose a field 108×48 rods, what will it cost to enclose a square field of the same area with the same kind of fence.

SOLUTION.

$108 \times 48 = 5184 \text{ sq. rd.}$
 $\sqrt{5184} = 72 \text{ rods; length of each side of sq. field.}$
 $108 \times 2 = 216 \text{ rds.}$ $48 \times 2 = 96 \text{ rds.}$ $216 + 96 = 312 \text{ rds.}$
 $\$202.80 \div 312 = .65$; cost per yard.
 $72 \times 4 = 288 \text{ rds. to be fenced of sq. field.}$
 $288 \times .65 = \$187.20 \text{ cost.}$

A THREAD-AND-NEEDLE-TREE is a step beyond the wax-tree in the way of convenience. It sounds like a fable, but the Mexican maguey-tree furnishes not only needle and thread all ready for use, but many other conveniences. Just outside the door of a Mexican home the beautiful tree stands, loaded with "clustering pyramids of flowers towering above dark coronals of leaves," and at the tip of each dark leaf is a slender thorn needle that must be drawn carefully from its sheath, at the same

time slowly unwinding the thread, a strong smooth fiber attached to the needle and capable of being drawn out to a great length.

Among its other uses, "the roots of this tree well prepared, are a most savory dish, while with its leaves may be made a thatching fit for a queen; and no prettier sight can be met than the cottages of Mexican peasants so exquisitely crowned. The rich leaves also afford a material for paper, and from the juices is distilled a favorite beverage. From the heavier fibres the natives manufacture strong cords and coarse string cloth."

The pottery tree, found in Brazil, is equally curious and useful. One would scarcely expect to find pots and jars and pitchers growing in it not on a tree, but the material for them certainly grows in this tree. It is found in the form of silica, chiefly in the bark, although the very hard wood of the tree also yields it. To make this curious pottery the bark is burned and what remains is ground to powder and mixed with clay.—*Jamesburg Advance.*

Christmas Appreciation.

Then says little Miss Thoughtful "It is so hard to know how to say, thank you!" Yes it is. Between people who understand each other thoroughly, who can read each other's hearts, the look and the pressure of the hands is often sufficient, but unless one is very near and very dear it will be wisest, my dear girl, to write your thanks. We all say we do not care for thanks, but we do. We like the expression of appreciation, we like to know that what we give is liked; that the gift on which we bestowed so much thought was valued, and though the spoken thanks frequently embarrass the giver, the written ones are a keen delight. We are giving thanks specially at this time of the year, that is what Christmas is for. We are speaking out in prayer, and in song, or in the chiming of bells, the thanks for the great Gift that came to us so many hundreds of years ago. Please God, none of us can be so unhappy, or so alone this Christmas, that we cannot kneel down and give a heart full of thanks to Him above who sent the Christ child to save us all. The best Christmas gift I can give to my girls is to wish them this, and to say God bless and make them happy each and every one of them, wherever they are for not a single one is forgotten by me.—*Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

THAT'S THE WAY.

Just a little every day.
 That's the way!
 Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
 Tiny blades push through the snow.
 Never any flowers of May
 Leap to blossom in a burst.
 Slowly—slowly—at the first.
 That's the way!
 Just a little every day.
 That's the way!
 Children learn to read and write,
 Bit by bit and mite by mite.
 Never any one, I say,
 Leaps to knowledge and its power.
 Slowly—slowly—hour by hour.
 That's the way!
 Just a little every day.
 —*St. Nicholas.*

Worth Remembering.

New Jersey was named for Sir George Carteret, who was at that time Governor of the Island of Jersey, in the British Channel.

Pennsylvania, as it is generally known, takes its name from William Penn; the "sylvania" part of it means wood. Literally it is Penn's woods.

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord de la War.

Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria Queen of Charles I. Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen."

The Carolinas were named for Charles (Carolus) II.

Florida gets its name from Canun-ade Flores or "Feast of the Flowers."

Alabama comes from a Greek word, and signifies "Land of Rest."

Louisiana was so named in honor of Louis XIV.

Mississippi is a Natchez word, and means "Father of Waters."

Three or four Indian interpretations have been given for the word Arkansas, the best being that it signifies "Smoky Waters," the French prefix "Aark" meaning bow.

Tennessee, according to some writers, is from Tenasea, an Indian chief; others have it that it means "River of the big Bend."

Kentucky does not mean "Dark and Bloody Ground," but is derived from the Indian word "Kain-tuk-ae," signifying "Land at the Head of the River."

Ohio had several meanings fitted to it. Some say that it is a Suwawee word meaning "The Beautiful River." Others refer to the Wyandotte word, Oheza, which signifies "Something Great."

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

O,
 the
 Christ-
 mas tree
 so bright
 and green,
 awaits Old
 Santa Claus.
 And the chim-
 ney place all swept
 and clean gapes wide
 its ponderous jaws.
 The little stockings are
 all hung up, and baby's
 just makes four. Won't
 Old Santa Claus be surprised
 When he finds there is one
 more. There's an elegant place
 up in the tree to hang Johnny's
 gun, and a place for Mary and one
 for Kate to leave their dolls upon.
 But for little baby blue eyes a lower
 branch he must choose, where she
 may reach and find the place he's
 hung her first new shoes. Turn down
 the light a little, now, so Old Santa
 Claus can see. And baby and all
 must go to bed and be as good as
 good can be, and to-morrow
 morn get up early, after a
 long night's sleep,

and
 come
 softly
 down
 to the
 Xmas
 tree
 and
 see

Who will get the first peep.
 —*Golden Days.*

The highest priced piano in the United States belongs to Mrs. Marquand of New York City. It was designed and painted by Alma Tadema and cost \$46,000.

NO BODY'S FAULT BUT YOUR OWN.

A Former Pupil Tells How He Gets Along in Life.

FOR THE SILENT WORKER:—As you have not heard from me through the paper, I thought I would write something. I often see in the papers of fellow mutes being out of employment, after trying hard to get work, and fail through no body's fault but their own lack of ambition.

While at school I thought of learning a trade, and decided to learn printing. But alas! the office was not sufficiently equipped then, and I was not fitted for the trade, and so when I left school and found I could not make a living by it, I gave that up and decided to become a base ball player, with what success you all know.

If we want to succeed we have to be patient, faithful, careful and, last but not least, *honest*.

While in the rubber mill here the last two years, I have never had to be corrected for anything after having been told about the same. A painstaking workman is always wanted, and, mark my word, he is hardly ever out of employment.

Last Spring I was called away to accept a position on the Camden base ball club, and of that I will tell you later.

While on a visit here last summer, my former employer sent for me. He said he wanted me to come and take my old position when through the base ball season, saying that my place could not be filled as well as I filled it. He also remarked if only for the winter he would be glad of my service, so you see that by faithful duty we can always expect a place.

I do not wish to be considered conceited in telling what I can do, but just to show other deaf persons they can do as well, if they will only try to do what they are given to do to the best of their ability.

Mr. Jenkins, I guess found me a "tough nut to crack," but he cracked me, thanks to him. I wish to thank Mrs. Porter, *nee* Hawkins, for her patient and careful teaching in the Art department, which in my later experience has been of service to me in my work. I also have much respect for a teacher now dead—Miss Susie D. Yard, who taught me the path all true boys and girls should tread; and for Mr. Lloyd, for his interest and fatherly advice.

As to base ball, no one can become an expert unless you really love the game and practice. Many an aspiring youth has asked me the question: "How can I become a base ball player?" The answer is simple. You must play and watch the ball always. When you have got the points thoroughly, go to a manager; ask for a trial, and then you can exhibit your powers. If you fail, it is no one's fault but your own.

You will want to know how I got there. Well, two home-runs did the business. Unlike me, Hoy made himself famous by his fielding.

I have been asked to return on the Camden team, but I have made no promise yet, as I think there are larger fish for me some where else.

Yours truly,
R. C. STEPHENSON.

FROM HELEN KELLER.

She Refutes The Statement that She is Broken Down.

[Since the note in another column in regard to Helen Keller was printed, we have received the following letter from her which our readers will be very glad to see. It is a matter for rejoicing that this wonderfully gifted and lovely girl is still in possession of health and spirits in spite of reports to the contrary. We are sorry to have given circulation to the story, but it came to us on what seemed good authority.]

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., Dec. 3, 1892.

To the SILENT WORKER:

DEAR EDITOR:—I am sure that you will be glad to hear that the reports which have appeared in several of the newspapers for the deaf, regarding my health are not true. I am not "broken down" and I am not "helpless" or "melancholy." Such mistakes annoy my parents and teacher and pain me. I was not very well last summer, and I felt sad sometimes (I suppose every one is dull occasionally), but I am well and happy now. I love my books, my studies, and all of my occupations; and I would like to have my friends think of me as being very happy. I am spending the winter at home, surrounded by loving friends and my pets. Yes, truly I am happy, and growing happier each day that I live, because of the new, strange beautiful knowledge that is coming to me. So, dear Editor rejoice with me! and be glad that this sad story is all a mistake. My parents and teacher send their sincere thanks for your kind words of sympathy, in which I join.

Very truly yours
Helen Keller.

For the SILENT WORKER.

OUR PICNIC.

Several years ago, on a certain Friday we once arranged to go on a picnic. Now if people are superstitious in calling Friday an unlucky day, they can find proofs that it is by the accidents that befell us.

There were an unlucky thirteen of us, though twice that number were invited. There were only three girls in the party and that was not enough for us fellows, who were great flirts. The place where we decided to spend the day was several miles down the river on an island which afforded good picnic grounds.

As there was a strong wind blowing against us, we decided to take sails along, because we would be too tired to row home. There were three boats and we broke up. I was lucky enough to get one fellow and two ladies. What grand luck! one apiece for each of us. Those "gals"

were the timidest ones I ever set eyes on. They nearly sent themselves to Davy Jones' Locker when they were embarking, by stepping on the gun-whale when they got in the middle of the boat. The dresses they wore were unbecoming for the occasion. One had on a cream lace which must have cost a heap; the other a gray silk, with a theatre hat and gray kid gloves, dancing pumps and all.

We started.

The girls both sat in the stern and that "feller" and I had a job of rowing. We would splash water accidentally and the girls would nearly burst their lungs with "Ohs!" "Ahs!" "Be more careful, dears," and all that. It took my temper away and I had a job of restraining it. That fellow's hands were soft and they soon became blistered. Before he had rowed for twenty minutes he had to give it up, and he climbed over my head and sat between the girls.

I swore it wasn't fair and threatened to pitch him overboard or raise pumpkins on his head with an oar. He had to give up his place, unwillingly of course, and I made him be stroke, but before he had gone over a hundred yards he feathered his oars the wrong way and over the seat he went with his legs straight up in the air and the water from his oars went right on the girls' laps, and they screamed as if they saw a ghost, but I soon comforted them and told them not to mind it as salt water was harmless. They then resigned themselves to their fate, and we soon reached the island after a series of mishaps which would tire your brain. We reached the island first and pulled up the boats to dry. I took a few fellows to look for a camping spot and we soon found a suitable place. We got ready for lunch and not one person there was sorry, because we were as hungry as bears.

One of my friends was named Jinks and he was always getting into a scrape. He was fortunate enough to have the honor of carving the pie and we all sat in a sort of semi-circle around him. He said he wanted a spoon to help himself to some of the gravy. We all reached over for it and were not five seconds getting it, and when we turned around he had disappeared. We formed all sorts of theories how he had gone. One thought he had been snatched up to heaven and the thinker wished he had not been carving that pie. Suddenly we saw a sight that made our blood run cold. Out of a hole in the earth shot that very Jinks and with him came that pie. "Oh! help me out, you lazy good for nothings," he bawled. The mystery was soon explained. He had been sitting with his back to the edge of a gully and tipping back had shot over, pie and all. The pie was spoiled, but we made a good dinner after all. You suppose we got caught in the rain, but we did not; our only mishap when we were about to return, was, the wind turned around and we could not sail back. Towards the middle of the afternoon we started to return and when we got half way home one of the ladies lost her hat and she set up such a screeching as would make you wish you were never born, but I was deaf and could not hear what she said. We all turned our boats around and went after that hat, and lots of us got a ducking and the next day caught cold. We recovered the hat and handed it to her—a pretty thing it was. We reached home after a series of accidents which would take too long to narrate. W. C.

What thought transference actually means was exemplified the other day when an entire school of blind pupils visited the Dore exhibition of paintings accompanied by Dr. Stryker, the principal. The latter explained with such minuteness of detail the general appearance of the picture, and its various points of excellence, that the children left the place gleefully chatting about what they had seen through their preceptor's eyes.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

Any liniment is good for the back of the neck after a futile hunt for the comet.

ABOUT THE DEAF.

The Freshmen won the cane rush, at the National Deaf-Mute College this year.

The new school for the deaf in North Dakota was nearly destroyed by a blizzard the 6th of last month.

Mr. Philip Englehardt, one of the best known mutes in Wisconsin, lost five houses in the great Milwaukee fire.

The Union League of Deaf-Mutes will hold a ball on the 28th of this month. It promises to be largely attended.

A deaf-mute, Nicholas Martin by name, has died in Paris, France, at the advanced age of one hundred and three years.—*Ex.*

Springfield, Ill., has twenty-seven deaf-mutes, which is pretty large in proportion to the population, which is about 32,000.

A new association for the deaf has been organized in Detroit, Mich. It will be known as the "Detroit Deaf-Mute Association."

The New Jersey State Deaf-Mute Association, which held meetings in Newark, the past seven or eight years, has disbanded.

Hoy, the famous ball player, runs a shoe shop in Findlay, Ohio, during the winter. He saves up the larger portion of his base-ball salary.

It is said that Martin Chamberlain edited the first paper for the deaf ever published in this country. It was called "The Gallaudet Guide."

The new St. Davids Church for Deaf-Mutes in Brooklyn was dedicated on the 22d. It is expected to be ready for occupancy in January.

Prof. Jones, of the New York Institution has many engagements to lecture in and around New York this winter. A lecturer of his stamp is always in great demand.

It is learned that Mr. Jacques Loew, the famous deaf-mute who carried on an extensive business in plush and leather novelties, in New York City, a few years ago, is now employed by the firm of M. Rosenblatt & Co., Chicago, at a very handsome salary.

Mr. Douglas Tilden the deaf-mute sculptor, will leave France for America, about the first of January. His group "The Death Grip," which attracted so much attention at the last Salon, is to be put in bronze before it is brought to America and placed on exhibition at the World's Fair.

An English paper informs us that the Duke of Norfolk, premier peer of the realm, is about to make another pilgrimage to Lourdes, in the hope of mitigating the condition of his son and heir, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, who is blind, deaf and dumb.—*Maryland Bulletin.*

It is reported that Mr. John H. Geary, formerly teacher at the Arkansas Institution, is making strenuous efforts to start a day school in Cleveland, Ohio. Failing to get the approval of the Board of Education,

he has started a class on his own hook, hoping that the Board will eventually see the good of such a school.

The *Minnesota Companion* records the fact that for the first time in the history of the Minnesota school, now thirty years old, a deaf child of deaf parents has been admitted. This is quite a contrast to our school, which now contains members of the third generation of deaf-mutes in one family.—*Silent Hoosier.*

The committal of a young deaf-mute to prison in Pennsylvania, brings up the inquiry, why is it the deaf as a class are comparatively free from crime? Certainly it cannot be because of the handicap which their affliction places upon them, for this young man has a career of crime behind him few hearing criminals possess at a similar age. Is it then, because of the excellent moral training they receive in the state institutions? *Maryland Bulletin.*

The following which appeared on the backs of programs of a dramatic performance by a company of deaf artists in England, is the composition of a deaf lady:

"We plead for prisoned souls, within a land
Where silence ever reigns, forbidding sounds
Alike of coarser or of finer strains.
Where the spring blooms, indeed, but all the birds
Have their notes of gladness and of praise;
And waters fall all noiseless, and the trees
Stirred by the breezes ne'er rustle to be heard;
And men who are their brothers seem to them
Like phantom forms, who silent come and go."

The New York *Sun* commented recently at length upon a divorce case which occurred in that city, both applicants being mutes, and asserted it to be the first case on record. Certain it is that the deaf as a factor of our population, comprise a class of sober, industrious and law abiding citizens and that a deaf-mute criminal, serving a sentence in a penal institution is very seldom heard of. Yet the deaf, taken as a class are, after leaving their Alma Mater, often altogether deprived of religious instruction. If this freedom from transgression is to be laid altogether at the doors of the State institutions, it speaks volumes for their work.—*Maryland Bulletin.*

The foot-ball team of deaf-mutes from Kendall College, Washington, D. C., which played a game in Baltimore last Saturday, excited a great deal of favorable comment. The young men are not only well developed physically, but their faces were intelligent and give every evidence of intellectuality. There is no sign in their countenances that they are deprived of one of their five senses and of the power of speech as a result. The facility with which the members of the team communicated with each other, obeyed orders and played together was altogether marvelous. Kendall College is the only institution, we believe, in the country devoted to the higher education of deaf-mutes. Ordinary schools are abundant, but this is the only one, it is stated, where college degrees are conferred.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A story of shocking barbarities practised upon deaf-mutes has been revealed in the course of a suit for slander brought by the officers of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Weisenfels, on the Saale, against Dr. Heidsieck of Breslau, who had published a pamphlet accusing them of various cruelties. The truth of the charges was proved beyond all question by the evidence. Witnesses testified that in the classes for instruction in the use of oral language the pupils had their hands tied behind their backs to prevent them from conversing by signs, and that they were continually flogged with canes and struck with rulers. On one occasion twelve of them came out of the class covered with blood. The teachers, in endeavoring to induce their pupils to pronounce sibilants, forced instruments into their mouths which made the tongue bleed, and, in order to make the children open their mouths, pinched their noses so hard as to cause the blood to flow. Moreover, both director and masters were accused of striking the pupils indiscriminately with their fists. The Public Prosecutor expressed the opinion that complete proof of Dr. Heidsieck's allegations had been furnished, and declared that he had performed a public service in writing the pamphlet. As, however, it contained a technical slander, he asked the Court to inflict a nominal penalty of ten marks on the author and five marks on the publisher, which may be good law, although it is very poor justice.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

SONG OF THE DEAF-MUTE.

WHAT HIS EYES TOLD ME, THOUGH HIS LIPS MOVED NOT.

You say I cannot sing,
You think I cannot hear
You tell me all I meet in life,
Will never reach mine ear;
Yet there is much of secret sin,
And much of wordless woe,
For what I see, and what I feel,
Has often told me so.

You think I cannot sing,
Because I cannot hear,
Because no vocal strains of mine
Have rung upon your ear;
But if I cannot sing by ear,
I take another part,
In rendering the Psalm of Life
And singing from the heart

You think my song is sad,—
And wherefore should it be?
The grief you think divides our lives
Is hedged by sympathy
In common sense to us both,
We each can sympathize,
And what I lack is just withheld
By One who is all-wise.

You cannot hear my song,
So soft and low it chimes,
You only turn the pages o'er
And read between the lines.
But you will hear the glad refrain,
And join me when I sing
The praises of my Father's love,
And triumphs of my King.

H. H. Cameron, in *Canadian Mute.*

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as—fail. — *Bulwer Lytton.*

To think we are able, is almost to be so; to determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. — *Samuel Smiles.*

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

A Good Joke on a Gentleman Who is Widely Known by Deaf Mutes.

A gentleman who is widely known as a warm and generous friend of the deaf, and who has a world-wide reputation as a man of science, tells the following very good story on himself.

This gentleman, whom we will call Mr. X, spent a winter in Europe with his family a few years ago, and, as he had occasion to make a good many trips to one place and another, on business, he established his wife and children in comfortable quarters in a beautiful Italian city, visiting them from time to time as he found leisure to do so.

One day, while at a distance of several hundred miles, he received word which made it necessary for him to hurry at once to join his family. By hastening as much as possible, he arrived at the city where they were, after midnight of the next day. But as he got out of the train it occurred to him that he had not put down the street and number of the house where his family were. However, after a long time spent in fumbling over letters and memoranda he found the address, which, by the way, was "No. 12 bis," or twice. That is, it was not called No. 13, which would have been unlucky, so it was called "No. 12 twice."

He rang, and the door opened mysteriously, no one appearing in the hallway beyond. He stepped inside, and in the dim light saw the figure of a woman robed in white standing at the landing half-way up the stairs.

He took off his hat, bowed profoundly, and in the most winning tones, and with a courtly deference of manner said: "I must apologize, madame, for disturbing you at this hour of the night, but I am Mr. X, the husband of Mrs. X, who has rooms in the this house. Will you kindly direct me to her apartments?"

The white-robed figure made no reply nor moved from its position.

Thinking that the lady was silent, because she did not understand the English in which she was addressed, Mr. X repeated the same apology, and enquiry, in French.

Still no answer.

On striking a match, it was seen that the woman had good reason to maintain a stony silence, for she was a marble statue of Silence itself, with finger on lip! As all's well that ends well, we are glad to say that Mr. X soon found that he was in the right house, and his adventures for that night were safely over.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal.*

A Curious Fact.

A man had three daughters. Wishing for a son, he made a solemn vow that if the next was a girl he would never speak to her. The next child proved to be a son as he wished. But, curiously enough, he would never speak to his father, although he lived thirty-five years with him. He always talked freely with his mother and sisters, but no one else until after the death of his father, when he talked readily with everyone. He was always called "Dumb Eli." — *Deaf Chronicle.*

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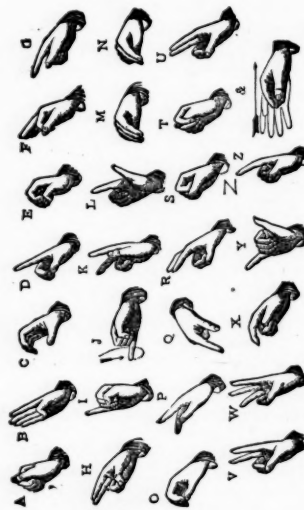
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A French shoemaker, who boasted that nothing could frighten him, was put to the test by two young men. One of them pretended to be dead and the other induced the shoemaker to sit up with the supposed corpse. The shoemaker took his tools and began to work to while away the time. Presently he began singing a lively tune, keeping time with his hammer. Suddenly the corpse arose, and exclaimed in a hollow voice, "When a man is in the presence of death he should not sing." The shoemaker started, then suddenly dealt the corpse a blow on the head, and replied, "When a man is dead he should not speak." It was the last time they tried to scare the shoemaker.—*Silent World.*

A bold burglar who entered a Chicago residence lately and stole a kiss from a young lady was promptly chased by her. It is not necessarily to be supposed, however, that she was attempting to recover the stolen property.

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THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR Deaf-Mutes, established by act approved March 31st, 1882, offers its advantages on the following conditions: The candidate must be a resident of the State, not less than eight nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or the mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also by a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of application, and any desired information in regard to the school, may be obtained by writing to the following address:

Weston Jenkins, A.M.,

Trenton, N. J.

Principal.